OUR FATHERLESS ONES

"Thou Art the Helper o the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

.XIII BARIUM SPRINGS N. C.NOVEMBER. , 1906. 10

Thanksgiving day! There is a ring of gladness in the word, but in all our life we have never spent Thanksgiving day where it means as much as it does to us here in our big home. Thanksgiving day has come to be peculiarly our day—orphans' day.

All over the State people remember us on that day, and give us happy reasons for remembering them. Memories of the past make our hearts swell with thanksgiving, not alone to God the source of every good impulse, but to the Presbyterian people of our State who have been such faithful stewards of our HeavenlyFather's.

To these same true friends we turn on the eve of Thanksgiving day and ask, not that they will make their contributions generous, (they have never done any thing else, and somehow there is a good feeling in our heart that this will be the best Thanksgiving day we have ever known) but that with their gift to us they send a prayer to their Father and ours that this may be, spiritually, the best year we have ever had.

The young ladies in the office are very happy to have a new typewriter, the gift of Rev. Geo. Atkinson. It was given in memory of his sainted wife.

Physically Mr. Atkinson isn't fairy like but every once in a while he comes round and has us to wish and then presently our wishes all come true. We have wished for a typewriter and desks and table cloths and counterpanes and dress goods and stockings—well we could hardly tell all we have wished for and every time we have gotten our wish.

People will wonder that, when we had some of the most eloquent speakers in the State gathered in our chapel we put our little people up to entertain. We wonder our selves.

We didn't decide to do it until about two days before the Synod came but it seemed the only way for each member of Synod to see all of the children together, and we wanted this above every thing else. What we are most proud of and what we thank God for is our children.

There was no special training for what they did, so that the Synod saw only the result of every day work.

Synod met in Statesville on the twenty second of October, and on the twenty fourth the whole Synod came down to see us. We are sorry their time with us was so limited but are so delighted to have had them at all.

They got here at eleven and left at half past one.

First our children gave a short program in the chapel and then we tried to show everybody as much of our home as they could see in a little while.

Each preacher was looking for his children but they were so scattered in the big crowd it was hard to find them sometimes. Synod had dinner in our dining room, after which they went to Davidson to spend the afternoon.

While the Synod was at dinner Dr. Vardell stood up in a chair and with a a piece of chicken in one hand and a glass of milk in the other, announced to the brethren that the money to finish the church must be raised right there. When Dr. Vardell undertakes to raise money it usually comes, and, before he had finished his chicken, fifteen hundred dollars had been subscribed to the church.

We think we can truthfully say no money ever raised made us happier than that fifteen hundred dollars.

PRESBYTEPIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

BARIUM SPRINGS, N. C.
REV. R. W. BOYD. . . Superintendent

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

BOARD OF REGENTS:—Rev. H. G. Hill, D. D., Maxton;, N. C., President; Rev. C. I. Craig, Reidsville, Secretary: P. M. Brown, Charlotte, Treasurer; V. H. Belk Monroe; Rev. C. G. Vardell. D. D. Red Springs; J. C. Steele, Statesville; Rev. C. M. Richards, Statesville; Geo. W. Watts, Durham; Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, Monroe. A. M. Scales, Greensboro.

For a year we have talked about Synod coming. Some of the little folks insisted on saying "the Synods are coming." I dont know just what they they thought the Synods were. When these little folks marched into the Chapel Wednesday and turned around to face a room full of black coated men, sitting in their seats and leaning on their little desks, some of them I suspect, were disappointed to find that "Synods" looked just like other men.

On Saturday and Sunday mornings we have prayers in our dining room, but always at night each family has prayers in its own cottage.

On the night before Synod it was announced at supper that we would have prayers in the dining room that night. One little girl said she supposed we were having prayers that night so we wouldn't have to do it next morning.

We were arranging the dinner on the tables, the lunch dinner which had been prepared by the ladies of Statesville, when Bobbie, one of Synods Cottage's little boys, came in with his face beaming. He had been to the woods and regardless of the fact that mistletoe grows in trees impossible to climb, had secured two pieces about as big as your hand.

It was his contribution t the entertainment of "Synods". Now we didn't laugh at Bobbie, we put the mistletoe up in the dining room. I suppose not a member of the Synod saw the mistletoe but Bobbie in his own house was thinking what great fun those big men were having catching each other under the mistletoe, and now we come to think of it, it would have been fun to have seen "Mr. Moderator" claiming a forfeit of Dr. Moore under the mistletoe.

The probability of a holiday was being discussed by some of the children, a holiday for Synod. One little man said, "Ofcourse we are going to have holiday so we can play with the Synods." We are sorry the "Synods" had to hurry on to Davidson and couldn't take time to play with these little fellow who were having holiday on their account.

It was with a feeling of reverence that we came into our dining room when the ministers of our grand old church were gathered there. The room was crowded and with men who live to make the world better, men who have responded to the call, "The Master hath need of thee," the Master whose kingdom is a kingdom of love.

There was a moment of perfect stillness, and all their reverent heads were bowed while Dr. Howerton in a clear earnest voice asked a blessing. A thrill of gladness went through our soul when he asked a blessing, not for "the helpless ones gathered here," or for "these fatherless children," but with tenderness in his voice he said "our children."

On the day that Synod was here the children had their dinner in paper bags. It was sent round to their respective houses early in the morning and saved until dinner time. When everybody had gone though, Miss Steele sent for them to come to the dining room and they finished up the Synods' dinnner. Where an hour before there had been wise bald heads and dignified black coats, there were barefooted little boys and wee lassies with bows on their hair.

The walls that had just heard the discussion of these learned men now rang with the glad prattle of children. And so is life. By and by these little children will wear the black coats and the prattle will be left to new voices.

One little girl tells how a big jolly looking preacher laid his hand on her head and said, "Did you ever get a switching little girl?"

"Yes sir."

"O, well then I must pull your hair" and he took hold of her bobbed locks. "And then you may pull mine," he promised. He took off his hat but the little girl says there wasn't any hair to pull.

A little Synod's Cottage man had some money given him by one of the visitors. When they had all gone he invested in a paper of needles and a thimble which he gave to the Lady Principal. She thanked him very much but he staid on feeling good and watching to see her feel that way too. He opened the paper and showed her how they had yellow eyes, and then she admired the eyes. Finally he said, "I think I got the best he had, 'least I got the biggest."

Sometimes we have had people feel a consuming pity for us because we have to eat peas. You know we do not always eat peas, sometimes we have real good dinners just like other people, and we always have something else to eat with the peas. We have heard them say sometimes that they would rather have their money go to furnish something more for us to eat, than to put it into the church. Bless their hearts, we are glad they want us to have good things to eat, but we do think we are sincere in saying that we want our church more than anything else!

When the Synod was here some one gave a Synod Cottage boy twenty cents. That same afternoon he took it to the Lady Principal and asked her to put it in the church. Mr. Johnson has a little store not more than three hundred yards from Synod's Cottage where the children are allowed to spend their pennies. In his store Mr. Johnson has candy and peanuts and had just gotten in some beautiful big apples; but Ed gave his money to the church.

When the train, loaded with ministerial dignity had gone on to Davidson—well we came back to the house, it was over, they were gone! For a year we had looked forward to their coming, we had counted so much on the interest we were to awaken in their big hearts, we had prayed that seeing our children would make them love them as their own, and our fondest dreams had been more than realized, but while we thanked God for the success of it all there was a kind of lonesome feeling.

On his way to Statesville Monday night Dr. Mebane stopped over with us He brought two new children, a little girl and a boy.

They spent what remained of the evening, after the late train got in, with the boys at Lees Cottage. At family prayers Dr. Mebane prayed first for our home and the boys in this house, and then he prayed very sweetly for the little home sick people he had brought with him.

When he said goodnight to the boys he asked them to be good to these new children. The matron went off with Dr. Mebane and the little girl to show them where to sleep. When she came back the boys had gone up stairs and she opened the sitting room door to find the new boy just where she left him, with great tears running down his face, but there was a little man, a sturdy little brown eyed man about half as big as the new boy, sitting with his knees just as close as he could make them go into the knees of the other fellow. He wasn't saying anything, but his big brown eyes were—things we wouldn't know how to write. He knew what it was to be homesick. He had seen them lay his own brave father's body away under the ground, and had then come from home, from the mother that he loved better than his own life. He had known days that were bleak and still, while other people laughed, he remembered the time when his throat was choked and he could not go to his mother.

One day, just about this time of the year, six years ago, a tired looking woman came to the Orphanage, bringing two little children. She came from the poor house, where she and the children had been taken when her husband died, The youngest child was a boy, a tiny boy and frail looking. The woman said good by to the children and went away. The little boy called after her and cried as loud as his little lungs would let him, but mother knew she must leave him so she went away while he cried.

The crying made his head ache and he wanted his mother more than ever. He begged to be taken back to the poor house. His mother was there and that was all he cared.

It was not until after dinner that he began to be comforted and make friends with us. Then we saw little Joe. The bright hearted little fellow who loved everybody and made everybody love him

In the afternoon he went to the wood yard, where the boys were sawing, and offered to sing for them. The boys were astonished when he sang and they left everything to bring him to the house and have others hear him sing.

We soon came to hear his little voice everywhere. Sometimes he sang with a laugh in his voice and sometimes he sang to keep from crying—and then he made other people cry. This tiny mite of a boy talked more about being a man than any other boy in the house. He knew perfectly well what he wanted to do—build a church. His idea was to build it with his own hands, drive the nails and make the wall stand. He did not know that it took money. He did not know that there would be any reason why he should not gather up the material where he found it and put it into his church. He built barns for his stick horses that way and no body ever objected.

Friends, sometimes, in writing of it say it was his dying request that his money be used to begin a church, but that is a mistake. He did not know that it took money to build a church.

Before he came here going to church had been the greatest thing in Joe's life. It meant something to him for they sang in church. When he came here and found pianos there was a new gladness in his life. Sometimes the piano music would make him dance with glee. Sometimes he would stand by the piano while a girl practised exercises and sing the exercise she played.

Love in little Joe was very strong.

As long as he lived he talked about "Dickie" the little dog he had played with at the poor house.

In our big family he was very much petted and he loved every body, but the big boy at Synods Cottage was his hero. At last the time came for his hero to go away to school and then the little heart had another trial. Every day he would ask his matron if she thought "Oxter" (Oscar) would come home to-day. Often when he heard a train he would leave his play and run to see if "Oxter" was on that train. When Oscar came home it was to stand by the grave where they had laid the little boy who had loved him.

The last Christmas of Joe's life was the happiest time he had ever known. He wrote a letter to Santa Claus which some how got in the paper and Joe got every thing he asked. There were four or five harps, a "fiddle," a banjo, a drum and horns.

During the holidays Joe sang for some visitors and each gentleman in the party gave him some money. It was forty cents and this he had put away.

Later on in the winter Joe was not well for a few days but we did not feel uneasy about him. One morning his matron kept him in bed until the Superintendent came to see if he was well enough to be up. After promising him that he might get up the Superintendent started down stairs. When he had gone about half down Joe called to him "Good by Mr. Boyd" It was his last goodby to Mr. Boyd and the last time he spoke to him.

The baby boy was up all day and did not seem sick. That night he climbed into his matron's lap and talk- for his last time of being a man. One of the big boys was at the piano learning a new song and while Joe was being rocked his little voice joined occasionally (and as true as ever) in the music.

Next morning when we were getting up Joe called to his matron and when she went to his room he asked to be allowed to get up with the other boys She had one of the boys to take him up to carry him down stairs but before he had gone to he next floor the little body had gotten limp and the little heart had stopped. We laid him on a bed and sent for help but he was out of the reach of the human help.

The family was at breakfast when the Superintendent came into the dining room and told them that Joe was dead. The hush of a great sorrow settled down on our home.

With his forty cents we began the church and to them have been added offering from hundreds of hearts.

Only a few weeks ago God took another little Joseph "Up where the stars shine."

(We remember our baby boy look- up at the stars one night and saying "When us gets dead us'll go up there.")

And his mother sent the savings from her Joseph's little bank to be added to the other offering of love.

An old gentleman who had not been able to work for years and who had been provided for by a loving daughter, sent from his dying bed one dollar to be put in the church.

A mother had kept forty cents, four ten cent pieces, which years ago had deen her baby girl's money. God took the little girl and the mother saved the coins and loved them because the child had cared for them. The mother could not decide through all these years what she would do with the money, but at last sent it to be put with our little boys money in the church.

One woman whose mind had failed under the strain of lifes burden, but whoes heart was like God had made it—tender, sent twenty five cents to help make Little Joe's Church.

They have come from every where love offerings that we mustn't tell about, but God knows and when we gather to worship Him in the little Church we are sure that the tender Father, the almighty God who healeth the broken hearted will meet with us there.

The strike in the Southern Rail road shops has touched us very materially

We must send out paper out uncovered this time on account of the delayed freight. We have had backs ordered for two months and still they havn't come. Rather cool weather for the little paper to go out without a dress!

If the freight detains some of the dresses we are looking for as long we will be in a dilemma for the little girls can't go out with out tneirs.

These fine days are passing too and no work being done on the Church because the Brick Co. can't get cars to ship the brick we have ordered.

The Rich Escape the Sweat-Box.

The prisoner without money or friends, and the prisoner rich in both, present striking contrasts. Our courts and offiicials seem less inclined to proportion justice to the magnitude of the offence than to consideration of the "previous estate" of the criminal The "third degree," the "sweat box," and other barbaric methods of modern police are habitually visited upon the prisoner destitute of money and friends. None of the "aristocracy of crime" is ever subjected to these forms of torture. On the contrary the members of the "upper class" are treated with consideration, even deference, and sometimes by courts as well as by police. If the "third degree" were applied to a thieving financier, the whole country would cry out in rage and that feature of police practice soon follow into oblivion the "boot" and the rack.

Two prominent Federal prisoners recently on trial for swindling the Government out of millions of dollars lived an exclusive sort of life in jail. Comfortably lodged in a light and well-ventilated room overlookidg a beautiful park, their wives were permitted to visit them twice a day. Their fastidious appetites balked at the unpalatable jail fare, so their meals were sent in from a neighboring hotel of national fame. Bottled mineral water took the place of the water served to the criminals of lesser estate. Both prisoners were supplied with books, periodicals, and all manner of literature. In short the warden was their host rather than their jailer. Meanwhile, in the same building poor friendless criminals dragged through the days and nights in small, ill lighted, vermin-fested cells, existing on the miserable jail fare of bread and water. Yet their crimes, by the money standard, were to be measured in cents while those of the favored ranged in the millions of dollars.

In October of last year, two Federal courts were in session—one in the city of Chicago, another in a small town of western Kentucky. A case in each court was called for trial.

In the Kentucky court, before the bar of justice stood a tall, lithe, bronzed mountaineer, stolid and sullen. In the back of the room was seated his wife a pale woman, her face pinched and drawn, with four thinly clad, disconsolate children- awaiting the climax of the tragedy. In some little valley back in the cold hard mountain, the year before, this man and woman had struggled bravely with the problem of existance. The expense of transporting their small corn crop to market was great—so it had been turned into whiskey, in a still hidden in a mountain recess. No bond had been executed to the United States for the operation of this industry; the government tax had not been paid. The

nation had been deprived of a few dollars of revenue—that was the burden of his offense.

In Chicago, the vice president of a large packing company was on trial for conspiracy to violate the interstate commerce law against the granting or accepting of railroad rebates. He had violated a criminal statute. He had connived with a railroad official. He had taken criminal advantage of his competitors, as a result of which they were compelled to forego the business of slaughtering cattle or handling dressed beef. An entire nation had been defrauded. This defendant had left his palatial home in New York the day before, had travelled in a Pullman car, and had stopped at the most exclusive hotel in Chicago. The ablest lawyer of the Chicago Bar stood ready to plead his case. The attorneys representing the United States had held a "conference" with the prisoner's counsel the hour previous and "matters had been arranged." His wife and children were under no necessity of altering their daily routine Yet the United States had spent thosands of dollars to bring him before the tribunal. Such cases furnish eloquent testimony of the inequity of justice that threatens our national career.

The Rich Rogue and the Duck Thief.

On the 12th of January of this year two prisoners were received in the penitentary at Columbus, Ohio—Mrs. Cassie Chadwick and John Shannon. Mrs. Chadwick wrecked banks, stole over $1,000,000, and forged notes for $13,000,000. Poverty, suicide, and disgrace followed in the wake of her crimes. Shannon stole a duck last Thanksgiving day to have a good meal. To commit the theft he had broke into a store. Shannon must serve until January 13, 1911. Ten months later Mrs. Chadwick is to be discharged.

In one of our largest penitentiaies are confined twelve former bankers Apart from the disgrace and the restriction and to the vicinity of the prison, there is small diffeoence between the Banker convicts and the man out side the walls, They go about with much the same liberty as the officials; they chat with each other and their keepers, while the "ordinary prisioners" are forbidden to open their mouths except to receive the food. They move about the prison in authoritive manner; they dictate not alone to the other prisioners, but even to the officials. These bankers who were "big men" before their infamy, are still big men in their relations to the prison officials, respected rather than suspected, feared rather than fearing .They all hold clerical positions and enjoy numerous privileges. One is clerk in the office of the secretary, others are clerks in the office of the warden, in the post-office, in the hospital, in the steward's office, in the cigar shop, and so on throughout the list.

In another state penitentiary a former leading politician, convicted by boodling and wholesale nutralization is serving a sentendc of "five years at hard labor." He leaves the institution at 7.30 A. M. and returns at 9 P. M. He does nothing ever resembling work. Across the street stands a small one room brick house formerly the abode of the stable boss. It is now fitted with a lounge, several comfortable chairs, and a telephone. On a table are popular novels, current magazines, and daily papers. Here this "convict" entertains his friends and relatives with the best of fair prepared by a special cook. Rotteness is not confined to "Denmark"—The World's Works,

Our Fatherless Ones

Published Monthly at Fifty Cents a Year

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HOW TO SEND MONEY AND SUPPLIES.

All money should be sent to Mr. P. M, Brown, Treasurer, Charlotte, N. C., but if corresponding with the superintendent. Rev R. W. Boyd, Barium Springs, N. C., and wishing to inclose a remittance, the money order should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now an order office.

All supplies sent by freight or express will be stopped at Barium Spring if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must ber previously made to general manage of freights through your local agent ☞ Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintndent.

HOME HAPPENINGS.

We have gone nto quarantine again. This time it is on account of scarlet fever and dyptheria at Troutmans.

Winter outfits are coming in every day, but not any too soon for the small boys who must go bare-footed until their "boxes" come,

Edna Gray, one of our pretty lassies, was flower girl at the Belk-Rankin marriage at Centeruary church on the first of November.

Our first examinations for this year were the last week in October. We will have examinations every two months instead of once a month.

Jack, one of our good looking printer boys, says, at the Synod's after-math, he drank three cups of coffee to their health, possibly not to his own.

Herbert Deaton, of the printing force, had a pleasant visit to Morganton, his hometown, recently. He is indebted to his old pastor, Dr. Rose, for this pleasant trip.

If there is one month in the year that we love a little better than Christmas, it is November, for Thanksgiving comes in that month, and Thanksgiving brings us so many nice thinge.

Mrs. Martin, of Lenoir, paid a short visit to her children during the last of October. She came to say good by to them before she goes west, where she hopes to build up her weak lungs.

The little boys go into school and sing a song about Jack Frost biting toes, but when they get up these morings they don't find very much music in the reality, They are real brave though and mean to be until their shoes come.

The basement at Lees Cottage is the place of supreme interest these days. That is where boxes are received and opened. Each child is sent for before his box is opened so that he may enjoy the unpacking.

Wonder where our Thanksgiving turkeys are coming from this year! There are twenty tables in our dining-room and don't you know a big brown turkey on each of those tables would look good! Or even one on every other table, for we think a good big turkey would serve two tables nicely.

Some small boys were recounting the blessings of Barium Springs to the new boys in their house. There were "boxes" then "eating boxes." "Boxes" are filled with new clothes and bring great pride and pleasure to the hearts of these little men, but "the boy is father to the man" so the "eating boxes" take the short cut to his heart.

The Annie Louise Cottage girls always have a holiday on George Watts Hill's birth-day. Their home was built by his grand father and named for little George's mother. In the morning the little girls had a long stroll in the woods, in the after-noon they had a straw ride and at night they had a party in their own house, It was a red letter day for them.

The Lees Cottage boys pay fines for wearing their hats in the house, leaving hats in the sitting-room, scuffling in the house, fighting with sofa pillows etc It's a penny a peice for hats, five cents for a scuffle, and ten cents for a pillow fight. So far we have collected eleven

cents. We are going to buy rocking chairs for the sitting room with the money we make.

Clinton Powell, a Barium Alumnus spent a night with us last week. He was on his way to Denver Colorado, to do shipping for the Mooresville Cotton Mills.

When Currie goes round to wake the milking boys, at half past four these mornings, he seems to be able to wake every body in the house except the particular fellow he is after.

The man with the monkey created quite a stir on our campus a few days ago. One wee lady after seeing the monkey do all his stunts, smoke the mans pipe, wear his hat etc, said, "Is that the monkeys papa?"

Shelby is one of the churches that contributes regularly to the home. Every first Sunday's collection is sent to us. If every church gave us a monthly collection, we would soon be able to provide for every orphan in the Presbyterian Church of North Carolina.

"Pum'kins gittin' good an' yallah
Mek me open up my eyes;
Seems lak it's a lookin' at me,
Jes' a la'in dar sayin "Pie's."

Of course we couldn't have a genuine Thanksgiving without pumpkin pie and we can't have pie without pumpkin—A hint to the wise is sufficient!

The Lilly Allison Co. of Statesville very generously loaned us cups, saucers and glasses for the preachers to drink out of when they were here. We are sure those cups will sell well since they have served in so good a cause. We are sincerely thankful to the Lilly Allison Co. for their kind assistance.

The Board of Regents has given the Superintendent a six weeks rest but each day finds him putting it off a little longer be cause he can't make up his mind to leave until something else has been done. His physician wants to send Mr. Boyd to Florida for a few weeks, and tells him it would make a new man of him. The superintendent needs the rest very much but so far we have been unable to send him.

Last Saturday after-noon the printing boys went hunting. They killed five squirrels which, with the help of their matron, they cooked by her sitting room fire after supper. Solomon says, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting" then these young Nimrods must be the embodiment of diligence for they roasted their venison, ate it up and—no it wouldn't be dignified to say that they sopped out the pan at a stagg party, would it?

Hollowe'en passed very quietly this year as it came in the midst of examination week. I am afraid if our young people had encountered a whole regiment of weird, spooky-looking fortune tellers, the fortune they would have asked would have been of nothing more romantic than their grades on Latin and Algebra. O, yes you may ask the fellows who are going to set this copy, if we never have any romance here. That is the copy they carry "underneath his jacket on the left hand side" though, and don't put in the paper.

FIELD NOTES

BETHPAGE AND GILWOOD.

These churches are in Concord Presbytery and are situated in the Coddle Creek Country between Davidson and China Grove.

Rev. L. Matthews, the pastor met me at Davidson The first few miles was driven over a fine macadam road, but the rest of the way was a weariness both to horse and riders.

I was glad when we reached the hospitable home of Dr. Gouger. This place was once the home of the Bradford children received into the Orphanage.

I preached at Bethpage in the morning and at Gilwood in the afternoon.

The pastor told of his experience as an orphan boy in the Presbyterian Orphans' Home of Alabama and his telling had a happy influence on the hearts and heads of his people. We accepted the invitation of the Icenhours to be their guests during the remainder of our visit. There was no ice in the atmosphere of this home and the stream of talk and song filled every hour with good cheer.

Three of the young ladies of this home are teachers and constantly widening their influence for good. I fell in love with Mother Icenhour. The world would be a sweeter place, if more homes were brightened by characters like hers.

SPRINGWOOD AND BETHEL.

Are in Alamance County near McLeans and Gibbonsville.

Mr. D. A. Forest one of the elders of Springwood welcomed me to his beautiful country home. Mrs. Forest and her companion Miss Mary Greeson are very fond of floweus, both yard and house were brightened by their presence. Mr. Forest has been very successful in business and has made his own home beautiful in its surroundings. I know that he fully appreciates the needs of homeless children and will continue to supply some of them. I wish there might be added a Forest Home to the group of beautiful memorial buildings at Barium Springs.

Whitsett Institute is near Springwood Church and I was delighted to have the faculty and students attend our service. Dr. Whitsett has built a magnificent school in the woods and deserves not only his success as founder of such an institution but in obtaining as the foundation of his household happiness, one of the most beautiful and attractive of North Carolina's fair daughters.

BETHEL.

Miss Effie Wharton took charge of me at the close of the service at Springwood and after a pleasant drive of a few miles we arrived at her father's Mr. C. A. Wharton. After dinner Miss Effie deserted me and her father drove with me to the church. The building has just been renovated and is very neat and attractive. Owing to the intense heat there was a small and sleepy congregation and the contribution was a great disappointment. I hope this favored people will yet hear and respond to the great need for their hearty co operation in caring for our orphans.

FAYETTEVILLE PRETBYTERY.

Met at Mt. Vernon Springs.

Rev. H. G. Hill. D D. preached the opening sermon and it was an inspiring one.

Rev. W. Fairly also preached a most helpful and suggestive sermon. I wish that the great truths presented

with so much untion of power might be heard in all our pulpits. I expect to use some of his thoughts in my talk for the orphans. The Presbytery gave me a hearing and Mt. Vernon Church a collection.

I was the guest at the popular hotel at the Springs. Mr. Forest, the proprietor seemed delighted to have so many hungry preachers at his table. I tried to keep up with Dr. Rose but my capacity was not sufficent and Rev. W. F. Fuller the pastor was a head above us all.

ORANGR PRESBYTERY.

Met at Roxboro. After my address Dr. Lilly said "You and Bro. Boyd write me in March what you think the Winston Church ought to give and we will put in our budget for the year." I was glad one preacher was so willing to have his budget budged.

Winston Church has never yet failed in her duty to our needy children.

I expected to spend Sunday with the Roxboro Church but the hurried departure of my son, Rev. E. C. Caldwell to Austin, Texas to occupy the Chair of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in the Texas Theological Seminary constrained me to spend a few days at Spray.

CONCORD PRESBYTERY.

Met with the Church in Salisbury.

I arrived only in time to say a word at the closing service.

This church is so linked with memories of our friend, Dr. Rumple that to cross its threshold was to think of him and when the minutes were read revealing that the session had about closed without a word in behalf of the Home I thought how different it would have been had Dr. Rumple been present.

I met only a few of the much loved members of the church, but rejoiced with the Coits in the auspicious beginning of the ministry of their son and teacher, young Robert Coit.

HAWFIELD.

Over a century ago Orange Presbytery was organized in this church and that great grandfather of mine Rev. David Caldwell, D. D. first Moderator.

None of his descendants have been as distinguished in the history of church and State but many of them have perpetuated his love for the Presbyterian Church and given the best of their sons and daughters to its service.

Mr S. A. White of Mebane, N. C. the senior elder welcomed me out to his home and drove me out to the church. There was a large, attentive, and responsive congregation.

Miss Lizzie Forest kindly consented to represent our children in the congregation and Hawfield will make one little child happy through their loving kindness.

NEW BRITTAIN AND NEW HOPE.

Rev. R. C. Morrison has been laboring in this field for ten years and is now seeing some of the fruits of his self denying efforts.

The New Hope congregation has been gathered, a church organized and built.

At New Brittain Westminster school has been founded and has now an attendance of over one hundred choice young people.

I was glad to meet with Rev. W. R. Winter and his consecrated associates.

This school will be a fountain of blessing to our church and should recieve every possible assistance in improving its equipment for a larger patronage.

There is a crowded table at Bro. Morrison's but he had room for the "big orphan" and inspired by him his congregation will provide for one of our little orphans.

MEBANE.

At night I preached in the church at Mebane. The church supported a child last year and I hope it will continue to do so every year.

How nice it would be if all our churches would put every year at least $72 the support of one child in their budget of church expenses and raise the money as other Church expenses are raised. The Methodist Churches assess all their congregation ten per cent of the amount paid the preacher and the result is their work is well provided for.

I was glad to meet Mrs. Bingham the widow of that great teacher Capt Wm. Bingham—of course her heart is with us in our work.

Mebane is noted not only for Bingham School but as the place where the "White Line" of furniture is made.

I do not think we have any of this line in the Home but some of it is beautiful enough for a palace.

THIRD CREEK.

I promised Rev. T. H. Spence to preach for him preparing to Commune and regret the rain made the congregation so small.

Some were there however and brought well filled baskets. The last I saw of Bro. Spence he was emphaizing his words by having a chicken bone in his right hand.

Sunday morning there was a good congregation and the service was sweet and impressive. The church agreed to provide for a child.

After a good dinner we drove over to Elmwood for the afternoon service.

The Elmwood Church has been warm friends of the Home and several of our children have spent their summers there. They were glad to give me enough to board a child.

I spent the night at Bro. Airy's and was glad to meet these dear friends of the Home. One of our girls taught music in this Home last summer and by her life won their love and an abiding influence for our work. "By their fruits you shall know them."

Early the next morning my friend Mr. Chap Turner called for me and drove me behind his fast traveler to Statesville.

Rev Carson Brown has been pastor of this, his first charge for ten years, and it is a great mystery that amid so many attractions he has remained a bachelor. I think one secret is that he loves them all. I was delighted with the atmosphere of love that surrounds him, and to see the faces glow as soon as he came near. The Sunday School and Church service was well attended and all were interested in our work.

The subscription was such that both pastor and deacons think they will send us the full support of a child during the year.

NEW SALEM.

I preached at the church several miles from Concord Church at 3.30 in the afternoon.

Among the contributions was a barrel of flour. We need 364 more barrels of flour; Who will send one?

Some friends came to Mrs. Osborne's, with whom Bro Brown makes his home, and we spent the evening in reading the word, praying and singing and talking about our orphans.

Mrs. Osborne's two children Mary 3

and Lucile, 8, controlled by this sweetness to the happines of the house.

May God continue to bless this Christian home.

ALBEMARLE AND NORWOOD.

I was glad to meet so many friends of former days in this growing field.

Rev. G. W. Beck has done and is doing a splendid service and both of the churches have made great progress under his leadership. They will adopt one of our orphans and provide for her needs.

At Norwood my friend Dr. Hart in view of my coming had provided a 'possum feast, but the other guests could not wait on my late train, and I couldn't say with the old darkey, "Ise no pessimist, Ise a possum eat."

My son and namesake met me at Norwood and we celebrated his birthday at Mangum. I gained a daughter and he a companion for life.

Old Webster taught me how to spell Baker, but a sweeter and dearer Webster will teach him how happy the companionship of a skillful baker can make a man.

SYNOD.

I will leave to others the story of the delightful visit of Synod to our Home. I am very grateful for the cooperation of ministers and churches that made my work a success last year and trust the new year will witness a still greater in our income and equipment.

We need a new buildiug to accomodate 50 more boys and we hope the Lord will lead his servants to provide it before the next meeting of Synod. There is a valuable place adjoining the Home that would make an ideal Home for boys. It is now on the market. Who will buy it and donate it to so noble a work?

Work as a Medicine.

One of the most noticeable things among the unemployed is the rapidity with which they age. The more delicately adjusted a piece of machinery is, the quicker it rusts out and goes to ruin when not running.

When the mind is not healthfully employed and constantly exercised it ruins itself very quickly. There are many instances in history where great men, when deprived of liberty, when their employment was taken away from themvery quickly went to pieces. They were unable to sustain the shock.

Statistics show that great mental workers are, as a rule, long-lived Activity is conducive to longevity.

There is nothing like plenty of work something to look forward, to look forward to constantly, something to plan for, think for, live for. There is nothing more fatal to growth and normal living than the monotony which comes from mental inaction, nothing more fatal to growth than stagnation.

There are a great many semi-invalids in this country to-day who could probably be cured by the right kind of work, mental or phsical, because they are invalids mentally before they are physically.—Success.

CASH RECEIPTS.

SUPPORT FUND FOR OCTOBER.

Albemarle Presbytery.

Sunday Schools.

Goldsboro	5.75
Henderson	5.30
New Berne	2.00
Washington	38.67

Asheville Presbytery.

Churches.

Asheville 25
Franklin 3.00

Sunday Schools.

Waynesville 1.00

Societies.

Women's Soc., Asheville 2.00

Fayetteville Presbytery.

Churches.

Raeford Pledge 50
Galatia Pledge 4.10
Fayetteville W, J. McDiarmid 36,00
Fayetteville Dr. A. S, Rose 6.00
Maxton 12.07
Ida Mills 10.00
Laurinburg 10.14

Sunday Schools.

Red Springs 6.43
Maxton 12.43
Smyrna 3.96
St. Pauls 5.55
Antioch 1.60
Centre 5.00
Lumber Bridge 6.85

Societies

Ladies Aid Miss. Soc., Sanford 4.00
Ladies Miss. Soc. Centre 1.00
Ledies Laurinburg 1.82

Mecklenburg Presbytery.

Churches.

Robinson 8.25
1st. Ch. Charlotte 18.30
Newell 7.50

Sunday Schools.

Westminster 6.00
Pineville 1.44

Societies.

Children's, Pineville 3,00
Ladies Aid and Orphanage
1st. Ch. Charlotte 6.00
Ladies Aid Soc, Waxhaw 1.50

Concord Presbytery.

Churches.

Elmwood 4.15
Third Creek 9.23
Albemarle 5.07
Concord Iredell 5.25
New Salem 5.75
Statesville 2 40
Morganton 10 00
Hickory 14 00
Lenoir 5.50

Sunday Schools.

Mocksville 13.61
Statesville 28.62
Cannonville 3.05
1st. Ch. Concord 19.50
Davidson 3.00
Taylorsville 6.00
Siloam 3.00

Societies.

Ladies Lenoir 50
Ladies Aid Soc., Marion 1.00

King's Mountain Presbytery.

Churches.

New Brittain 5.00
Union Mills 7.35

Sunday Schools.

Dallas 4.57
Miriams Soc., Gastonia 5.00
New Hope 7.50

Societies.

Ladies Rutherfordton 1.50

Orange Presbytery.

Churches.

1ts. Ch. Winston 50.00
Mt Airy W. F. Carter 6.25
Mt Airy 26.50
Mt. Airy 3 05

Sunday Schools.

High Point 6 00
North Wilkesboro 2.72
Hawfield 9 25
Hawfield Miss Frank White 1.00
1st. Ch. Durham 54.11

Societies.

Lad. Aid Greensboro 10.00
Lad. Lexington 2.65
Emma Gray Soc. Greensboro 1.00
Lad. Aid Miss., Westminster Greensboro 6.00
Lad. Aid Soc., Mt Airy 1 15
Ladies Aid North Wilkesboro 1 00
Ladies Aid Soc. Graham 20.00

Wilmington Presbytery

Churches.

Clarkton 22.50
Teachy 2.95
Oak Plains 3.16
Chadbourn 1st. Ch 20.00
Southport J. W. Caldwell Birthday gift5.00

Sunday Schools.

1st. Ch. Wilmington 11.28
Burgaw 2.00
St. Andrews 6.25
Clarkton 6.07

Societies.

Lad, Faison 1.00
Lad. Aid Soc,, Clinton 1.00

Individuals.

Messrs. Ferguson, Williamson and Dupuy 6.00
A Friend 6.00
A Friend 12.00
J. E. McGee 1.00
Mrs. E. L. Gaston 3.00
Mrs. Job Cobb & Mrs, Holderness 12.00
H. W. Malloy 100.00
R. C. McLean 12.00
Mr. J. C. Burroughs Cal 25
Mrs. S. Hutchison 5.00
McLean Bros 6.00
Mr. McKay 1.00
Mrs. J. Boyles 1.00
E. W. Allen 2.00
W. M. Neal 1.00
Geo. Watts Hill Birthday Gift 50.00
Miss A. D. McIer & Family 1.00
Cash 10
Miss S. McCormic 5.00
E. B. Faushsee 1.00
J. F. Galloway 1.00
Rye Sold 14.35
Mrs. J. L. Fowle 1.00
Miss K. L. Brown 1 00
The Witherspoon Children 1.25
A Friend 6.00

Press Fund,

D. A. Sloop 50
Miss E. L. Rankin 50
W. A. Lowe 50
F. E. Ferguson 50
Mrs. W. M. Payne 50
M. L. Cromartie 50
Ora Petrea 1.00
W. L, Rumple 1 00
Mrs. A. L, Rankin 1.00
Mrs. J. D, Stocker 1.00

Little Joe's Church,

"An Orphan" 1.00
Mrs. Lizzie C. Murray 1.00
Davidson S. S. 6.12
Eliza Smith 1.00
Junior Class Mt. Horeb 1.42
C. W. Keister 5.00
"Your Prayers" 10.00
J. M. Rogers 25.00
No Name 1.00
Miss Sue Cooper 1,00
Mrs. A. E. Emmanual 5.00
Mary Gilbert 2.00
Friend in North Wilkesboro 5.00
Raeford S. S 4 50
Dr. J. T. Kell Pledge made for Banks Ch, ... 25.00
P. B. Doby 5,00
Mrs. S. H. Boyett 1.00
Davidson S, S. (Add) 1.00
Mrs. Fannie B. Talbott 50
F. D. Alexander 25.00
Ladies Aid Soc., Reidsville 5.00
Miss A. L. Twelvetrees 5.00
L. W. Robinson 2.00
F. P. Hall Jr 1.00
Mrs. R. T. Durham 1.00
Burgaw 1.50
Waxhaw 1.40
Loving memory of Sidney 1.00
Miss M. Dustin 5.00
P. Pearsall 25.00
Rev. J. M. Grier D. D 5.00
Mrs. M. S. Dupuy 1.00
Frienbs at Goldsboro 4.00
Rev. B. W. Mebane D. D 5.00
James and Edward Ficklen 1.00
Miss. M, Griffith 1;00
Rev. J. H. Jarvis 1.00
Mooresville cotton mill S, S 1,00
For Church 25
Miss L. Bostin 1.00
Ed Smith 20
Ellie Mary and Emma Hoover 5.00
Treasured Memory 40
Mrs. H. C. Dixon 1.00
Miss Louise Dixon 1.00
Geo, Allen 5.00
Edna, Beatrice, Mildred & Margaret McMillan 1.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. W. Lasley 5.00
Cash 2.25
Lovining memory of little Joseph 2;10
Rev. W. T. Walker 4.00
Miss M. K. Walker 1.00
Synod's collection in part 19.45
Hickory 25.00
B. G. Worth 25,00
T. M. Slagle 5.00
Mrs. J. D. Malloy & P. Stamps S. S. Lumber Bridge 1.82
Mrs. J. C. Irvin 25.00
Mrs, C. Williams 1.00
Mt. Aairy Philip D. Palmer 2,00
Sugar Creek Rev. H. M. Pressly 5.00
H. W. Malloy 5.00

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WE will send

A nice present

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BARIUM SPRINGS, N.C

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ORPHANS HOME. BARIUM SPRINGS, N.C.

ISSUES INCLUDED: JUNE 16. THROUGH JULY 7. 1910.
JULY 21. AUGUST 4. 1910: FEBRUARY 8 THROUGH 29.
MARCH 14 THROUGHMAY 9. MAY 23 THROUGH MAY 30.
DECEMBER 12. 1912: JANUARY 9. 30. FEBRUARY 6.
MARCH 27 THROUGH APRIL 17. MAY 8. JUNE 19. JULY 24.
1913: JANUARY 1. 7. 18. FEBRUARY 12. MARCH 26.
APRIL 2. 16. MAY 7. 21 THROUGH 28. DECEMBER 24. 1914:
JANUARY 7. 14. MARCH 18. APRIL 8. 22. 1915: JANUARY 6.
1916: JANUARY 4. 1917 THROUGH JANUARY 18. 1917:
APRIL 25. 1918. FEBRUARY 27. 1919: FEBRUARY 5. 1920:
MARCH 4. APRIL 15. 1920